

Dedicated  
to you  
know who



'Oh boy have I

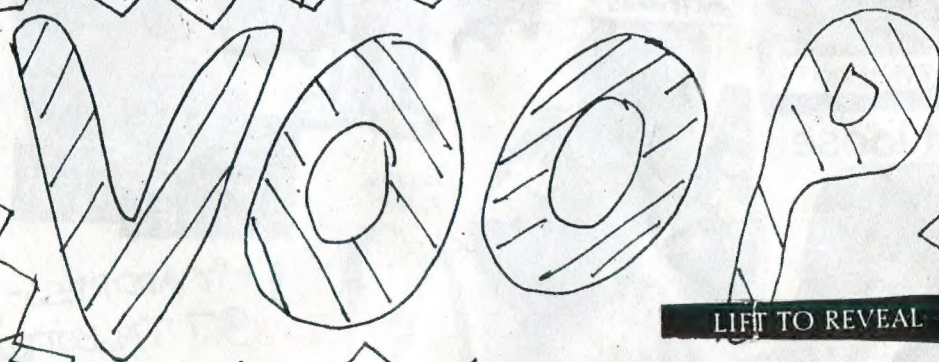
waited 4 this

GOLFER, RAMBLERS, OUTDOOR TYPES! Close your eyes



Reading this will

transform your race, tits, ass, nose, biceps, sex organs and everything else



LIFT TO REVEAL

Swing into action and  
buy one now

ISSUE 1

50p

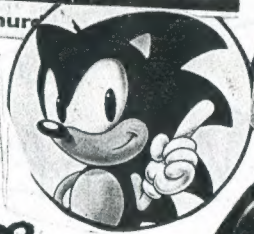
COLLECTOR'S  
ITEM-WORTH  
MILLIONS  
IN YEARS



**WANTED**

for genocide, mass murder

Hi, this is the first issue of my zine **VOOP** influenced by **Stragly** AND **DRUGS** and wanting something other than punk or riot girl zines here it is, Hope you like it. Write to me (see bottom of page) Send in ideas you'd like me to put in.



**I'VE GOT A BAD TEMPER**



death by strangulation



**PARENTS WON'T SWIPE!**

Pictures to make your friends vomit...

Greta  
MY ADDRESS-  
37 TALBOT RD  
ISLEWORTH,  
MIDDLESEX,  
TW7 7HG  
(send ans. a.e. needs to be a bit smaller than A4)

Passing Polara



**... PLUS YOUR LOVE LETTERS**



boy meets girl

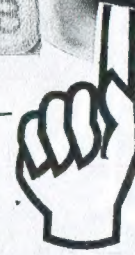
cut loose



cartoons, stories etc. It costs 50p and as it's nice, I won't tell your friends

THINGS TO DO THIS WEEK, listen to John Peel and Out on Blue Sky, go to library, write my diary, kill my science teacher, blow my nose, still reading, play silvianians with my sister, tart myself up, SNOG you, laugh, make katie's necklace, fart, sleep, sleep, sleep.

MAKE SURE C'MON HONEY YOU SEND AN S.A.E IF YOU WANT ONE. Thank-you



listen to me this is my turn-lmao and were it is-a money tree in garden. ☐ TRUE ☐ OR ☐ FALSE

**JUICING TIPS**

Under a 1592 law which has never been repealed, you can be beheaded for manufacturing a bedspring without authorisation.

oh my God do things like this really happen!



NOTICE WHAT FIRE SLUGS HE HAS FOR EARS



She's been called everything from a hero to a whore, from a great role model to 'The Devil's Daughter'.

WRITE TONE



fresh fruit & veg. eating vegetables.

**Citrus Fruits**

Turn to page 197 for details



my space!



STUFF I like - by Layla  
 playing live with my band Skinet  
 teen, summer things- swims  
 open air, bikerides, rounders  
 ice cream, water pistols  
 no school, t-shirts + skirts no  
 kicking giant (band) riot grnc  
 dancing + frugging, Nancy drew  
 god is my co pilot (band)  
 gretal's pictures + her robots  
 obsession, hugo bear



Mills & Boon

pinched up + sad  
 POOR BABY  
 Fanzines by grmls + punks  
 mysteries, mods, skoofters  
 new routes + back streets  
 too bell, custard + kissing

For those of you out there who like  
 writing, write for amnesty they need  
 people like

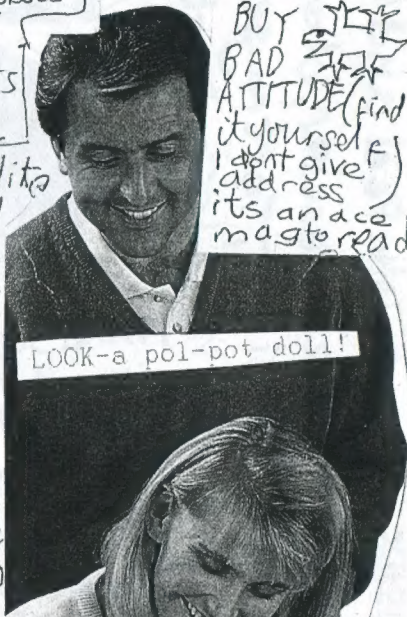
If he was Mark  
 I'd be the happiest  
 girl alive. SIGH

MARK IS OUR MAIN MAN  
 SISTERS

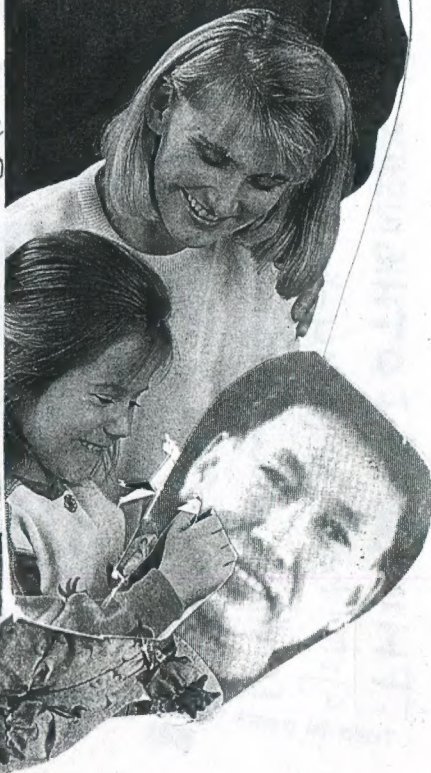


E  
 eating  
 yoghurt makes  
 you rich

BUY THE  
 BAD SELF  
 ATTITUDE (find  
 it yourself  
 I don't give  
 address  
 it's an ace  
 mag to read



LOOK-a pol-pot doll!



James  
 Bond is  
 THE  
 grunge  
 King

MY TOP 5 BOOKS

- ① Oranges are not the only fruit-  
 Jeannette White/son
  - ② The Color Purple-Alice  
 Walker
  - ③ Charlie and the Chocolate  
 Factory-Roald Dahl
  - ④ To Kill a Mocking Bird-Har  
 Lee
  - ⑤ You worry me Tracy  
 you really do-Angela Martin
- fab ad abadoo

i've  
 kissed  
 this spot  
 gee



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

"I say to cancel out skintight  
 clothes. I mean, what you wanna  
 be showing off your body for? It  
 ain't every man's business!"

Sakille from Oakland





Katie.

I want to write about you.  
A poem for you. Just to show  
that you are not just someone I know from  
school, but someone I hope I will still know  
when I am old and tired.

You always worked hard  
so I thought you were 'square'  
but you are too hip for that.

You don't like yourself much- I know.  
I also know that by telling you otherwise  
it won't change things.

But I'll still say it.  
I like you for you  
and love you for  
yourself.

In checkered shirts with old levis,  
you stand well  
with soft pink hair.

Katie you are a star.

man



he-he, I like  
this one best  
a real jimmy hill  
in sign language!

woman



girl



boy



Periods don't  
have to be a pain.

yeah right-well  
whats this  
then? →

starts with a  
dull ache in your abdomen followed  
by feelings of shakiness and  
sweatiness. Some people find  
themselves totally paralysed by the  
pain, while others find they can  
struggle through it. These cramps  
are caused by an over-production of  
hormones which cause the muscles  
in your abdomen to contract  
painfully. They also cause muscles  
in other parts of your body to  
contract, causing back pain and  
sometimes diarrhoea.

THE ICE-CREAM BELOW  
IS CALLED ROMANTICA  
ITS SOOO GORGEOUS  
EAT EAT EAT EAT

don't you think that dumb cld singer  
"in-for-mer aliky bum-bum down"  
have 1 thing to say-RIGHT ON MATE!

Lucky Me!



Barry White

America, on sale in a shop near you.

SCHOOL GIRLS  
a poem by  
I can't remember who.

School girls have to pass a lot

notes to friends netballs

exams and menon

building sites who go

'NO' A P R

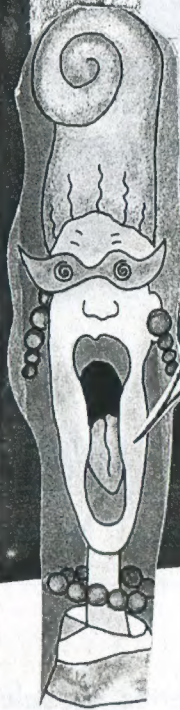
Married with a son,  
she is a big girl



My top 50 Women — yeah!

Alice Walker, Whoopi Goldberg, Mother, Sisters-3 of them, Maya Angelou, Elizabeth, Layla, Katie, Alix, Beral Cook, Minnie the Minx, Meg (out of meg and mog), Dawn French, Tank Girl, Mother Theresa, Roseanne Barr, Wilma (of flintstone fame), Lewis Carroll's Alice, Marilyn Monroe, Deborah Hautzig (author), Hokey (of love and rockets), Jeanette Winterson (author), The women King Kong picks up and swings around, Annie Lennox, Lynne Reid Banks (author), Monie Love, Venus, Hilary Clinton, Betty Shabaz, Betty Boothroyd, Glenda Jackson, Emiline Pankhurst, Bodicia, Winnie Mandela, Joan of Arc, Grace Kelly, Courtney Love, Princess Di (yes really), Helen of Troy, Kim Gordon, Kim Deal, My gran, me, p.j harvey, wonder woman, Elizabeth the 1st,

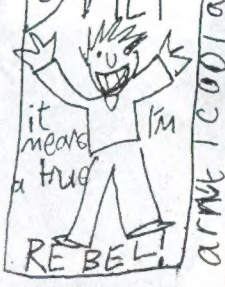
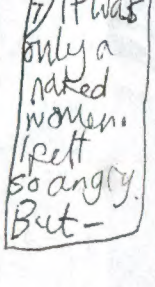
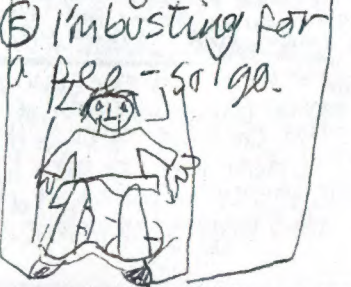
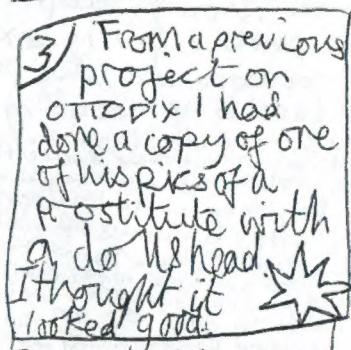
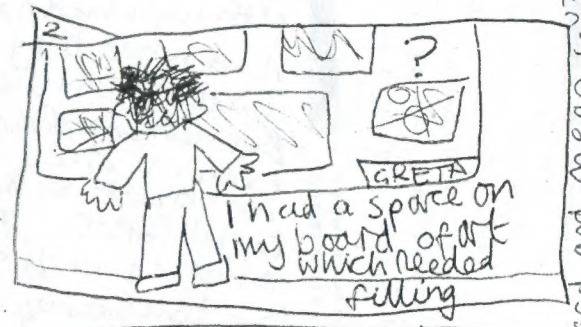
Darkness get muddled.  
I'm chased



I love being woken up so early on a Saturday by builders drilling outside and planes zooming past. Ahh whizz its a funny place earth.

2,4,6,8  
everybody  
penetrate

**CELEBRATING** TODAY 6th May '93 and leaving school in 2 WEEKS, I put my hands on stomach and laugh like a mayor. Yes till the tears run down my thighs. Here is a picture story of one example why I will be doing fat old men impressions—



arn't I cool! arn't I tough and hard and mean coz I'm censored.



# LANGUAGE OF VIOLENCE-THE DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRIST

The first day of school was always the hardest, the first day of school the hallways the darkest.

Like a gantlet

the voices. haunted walking in with his thin skin lowered chin

he knew the names that they would taunt him with  
Fagot, Sissy, punk, queen, queer

although he'd never had sex in his fifteen years. And when they harassed him it was for a reason. And when they provoked him it became an open season for the fox and hunter the sparks and the thunder that pushed the boy under the pillage and plunder it makes me wonder how one can hurt another. But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler it's like breathing with a respirator it eases the conscience of even the most conscious and calculating violator words can reduce a person to an object something more easy to hate an inanimate entity completely disposable no problem to obliterate. But death is the silence in this language of violence. Death is the silence in this cycle of violence death is the silence. It's thought to be young the young long to be tougher when we pick on someone else it might make us feel rather abused by their fathers but that was at home though so to prove to each other that they were not "homos" the explanation of the phobic fury executioner, judge and jury the mob mentality individuality has nowhere dignity forgotten at the bottom of a dumb old dare and an even colder stare on the way home it was back to name calling ten against one they had his back up against the wall and they reveled in their laughter as they surrounded him. But it wasn't a game when they up jumped and grounded him they picked up their bats with their muscles straining but they decided they were gonna "beat this fellow brain in with a awful powerful an hour full of violence inflict the strictest brutality and dominance but they didn't hear him screaming they didn't hear him pleading they ran like towards and left the boy bleeding in a pool of red 'til all tears were shed and his quietly slid into the back of his head DEAD. But death is the silence in this language of violence. Death is the silence in this cycle of violence death is the silence. You next see the facet of the eyelids drop you hear the screaming until it stops. The boys parents were gone and his grandmother had raised him. She was mad she had no remorse retaliation on the pole didn't have to worry about being on a hit list but they thing they never thought about was that there was a witness to this senseless crime right place wrong time tried as an adult one of them was gonna demand time. The first day of prison was always the hardest. The first day of prison the hallways the darkest like a gantlet the voices haunted Fagot, Sissy, punk, queen, queer words held used before had a new meaning in here as a group of men in front of him laughing came near for the first time in his life the young built fear he'd never known on this side of the name calling. Five against one they had his back up against the wall and he had never witnessed his own sexuality but this group of men didn't hesitate their reality with an awful powerful an hour full of violence inflict the strictest brutality and dominance they didn't hear him screaming they didn't hear him pleading they just took what they wanted and then just left him bleeding in the corner the giant reduced to jack horner. But dehumanizing the victim makes things simpler it's like breathing with a respirator it eases the conscience of even the most conscious and calculating violator the power of words don't take it for granted this put everything in context is this a tale of rough or are we all the cause and victim of it all rough. But death is the silence in this language of violence. Death is the silence. But death is the silence in this cycle of violence death is the silence.

thank-you, thank-you  
public enemy for the  
song revolutionary  
generation and  
disposable heroes  
of hiphoprism for the  
language of violence,  
in my opinion these songs  
prove that not all rap or hip-  
hop bands are sexist and  
homophobic as the media would  
have us think.  
Have a listen any of you who agree  
with the media, don't believe the h.

ha-ha, in the summer I'm going to L.A. 'man' to stay with a mate  
and her grandparents. We're gonna go see the grand canyon (which was  
once described on the radio as a naked woman with her arms outstretched  
saying "look at me") and old ghost towns oh and of course we'll check  
out the mall for wigs and nail polish, we might even go to the lolapoloza  
so hardy ha-ha, you can stay here with the boys

まな(場合あります)  
まな(場合あります) 10月10日 10月10日 10月10日

※: 上段のEXHIBITION (展示) 又は3m  
以上 (100) の面積のある展示の必要を要します。





# NERD



- Wears 70's clothes
- Never dances at gigs
- Won't buy a record if he/she doesn't know the band personally / there are more than 200 made
- Thinks 3-track recordings are excessive.
- Hates any band with more than 1 male in it

## JOKES - (HAHAHAHA)

I know some of these may be offensive, rude and down right unfunny but these are the best ones RIGHT?

A horse goes into a bar and the barman says "what with the long face?"

A ham and cheese sandwich goes into a bar but the barman says - "sorry we don't serve food in here."

Did you hear about the dyslexic who Gold his wife to Santa?

How do you make a hormone pay her?

What did spot find in the loo?  
The Captains log.

- Doctor, I think I'm having trouble with my penis.  
- Are you going regularly?  
- Yes, every morning at 7:00.  
- What's the problem then?  
- I wake up at 7:30.!!!



### Identification.

Take a space  
and climb through.

Your own space  
There you are able to move  
while suffocating here.

But the barriers,  
the dividing line of each space  
is mined.

So move if you wish  
BUT IN YOUR OWN SPACE

### Race Track.

I want to know you  
Not just for the touch nor smell.  
The sensuous feeling.

Then the pleasure of fulfilment.

When you've finally got your  
catch.

**Witches  
of  
Switzerland**

The World's Premier Witch Specialists

Come closer, I wanna check out those guns of yours, those  
lips of your black and pink with pearly grashers. My I want  
to kiss those lips those 2 apricot slices.  
I place my hand on your neck as if to strangle you  
but it's just to pull you closer to break the barrier between  
us.

POEM by  
Sme

### Hips

I like the way you  
hold yourself as  
in a constant state  
of happy frenzy.

I try to hold myself,  
like you hold yourself  
but it never works.

See those girls?  
coming down the street  
there hips so fine like  
mints.

See how they hold those hips.  
I do not mind or get jealous  
or if there hair looks good  
or there teeth are straight  
or there lipsticks bright.

But I am jealous of  
how they hold themselves.  
How I wish I could hold myself,  
like a gun in a holster.  
like them, like they do.

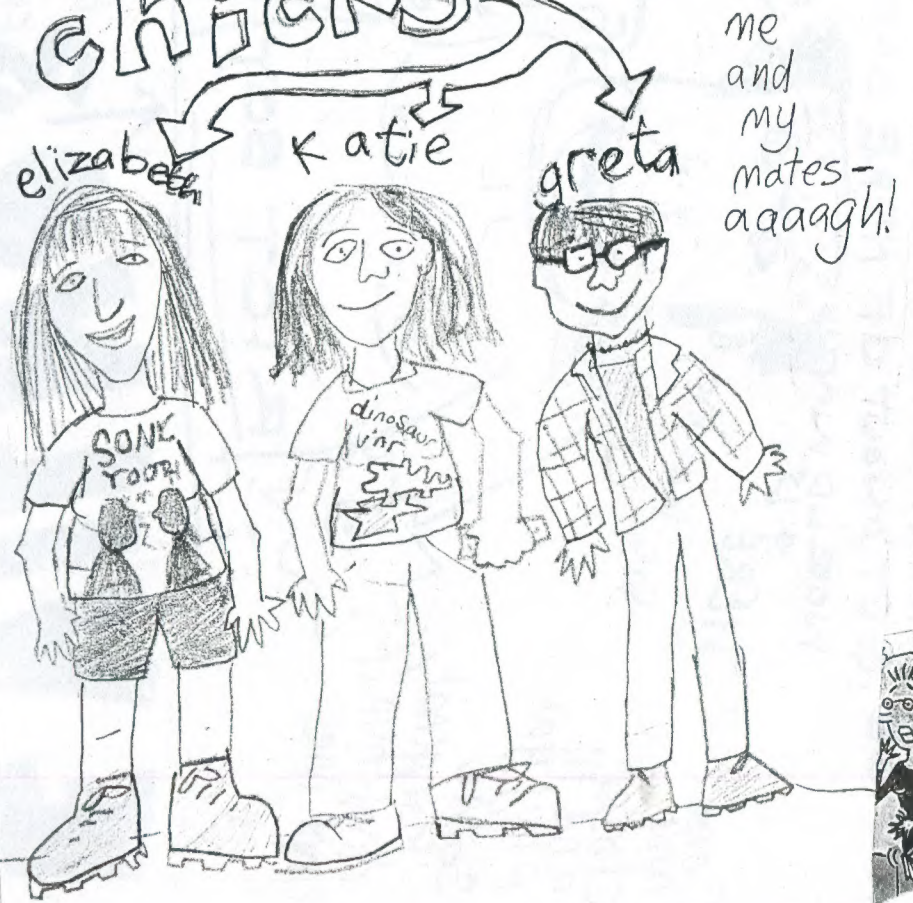
Country Love





SEND ME YOUR POEMS AND  
IDEAS. DRAWINGS OR JUST WATCH  
T.V(yawn). MAKE ME A TAPE AND I'll SEND  
YOU ONE BACK. TELL ME WHO YOUR INSPIRATIONS  
ARE but please give me some feedback. No Whoop Cushions.

# The hippest chicks





A MESSAGE A WARNING-SAVE YOURSELF TAKE MY  
ADVICE GET OUT OF HERE ON THE 1ST BUS.

WORLD WAR 6  
413  
HERE  
Me-wo-he  
SUCKERS!



Come any closer and I'll play you some Kingmat dont give I tempt me,

SCARED? YOU SHOULD BE? WITH NO LYRICS the No.1 Song all signs of we are gone-KAPOW!

C'man kiddies were waiting!

RIOT BOY -

EVIL NO 3

EVIL = QUEEN

EVIL 2 = Mrs Morrall my science teacher.

OLD PEOPLE  
Lovly



If you've got a spare minute today give your grandparents (or just some mad old biddy you know) either a call or a hug. I know it sounds crass but when did you care about image?



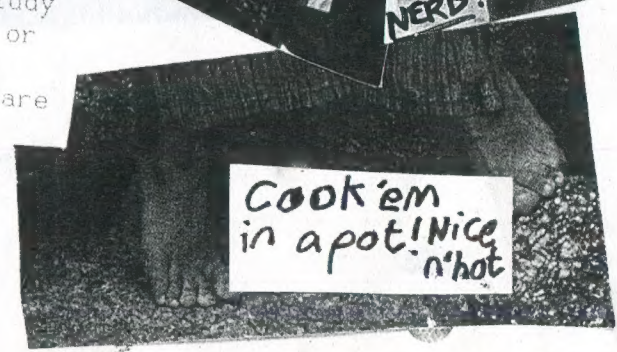
COZOC

My fave thing of the year has got to be old people. I know most people my age think all old people are just a bunch of moany old codgers and I have met some like that but the rest of them are so cool and well tuned in to whats going on around them. Me and my gran go on anti-war marches together and she picks me up from school

when I'm ill. You know how in all the old american indian and african tribes the 'elders' were seen as the wisest, I agree. I mean I'm not gonna give anyone my respect just cause they get a free bus pass but I'll listen to what they have to say. I once worked in an old peoples home for a couple of weeks and that was the best fun. They told some ace stories and taught me how to ballroom dance.



NERD!



Cook'em in a pot! Nice n'hot



WEAR A WHITE POPPY WITH PRIDE.

